

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—DARY CROCKET.

Vol. II.

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POETRY.

LITTLE JERRY THE MILLER.

BY JOHN C. Saxe.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
Of whirling wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alone in Summer and Winter weather,
He pecked the stones and bailed the gates,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry," 'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry," come grind my eye;
And "Jerry," come grind my wheel;
And "Jerry," come grind my mill;
From nation told and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry," on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And he was little when he was old.

But what in size he clanked to lack,
Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back,
As thick as the miller and quite as long.

Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best;
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest:

When will you grind my corn I say?
"Say," quoth Jerry, "you needn't say;
Just leave your grain for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be told."

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered mournfully,
The leech had come and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see;
"Four little Jerry" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthly bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Just to rest," the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shrouded the deadly sin,
And not a grain of evil told;
Had ever peeped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of whirling wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry the miller is dead and gone.

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE NAMELESS AVENGERS.

A Story of the Ku Klux Klan.

BY ALFRED D. KATPA.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOYALIST'S DEFENCE.

A pleasant spot was the little valley of Silver Creek. Shut in from wind and storm, by the lofty mountains surrounding it, and enriched by their sides, it bloomed like a garden; making the scenery here noted for its wonderful combination of the grand with the beautiful.

This was the spot which Hampton Randolph had chosen, and made his home. Tired of the whirl of political life, in the low country, he had selected this valley as a suitable resting place in which to forget the world, and pass the remainder of his life in quiet obscurity with his family. But his restless mind could not at once submit to be idle; and he soon possessed great power over his neighbors—those hardy mountaineers; bending them to his own opinions, almost without wishing it. An uncompromising Union man, he had been the silent leader of this detested party, during the war, in his vicinity, and now for the same offence he had incurred the displeasure of those opposing spirits who sought to ruin when they could no longer rule.

Evening fell upon that valley, and the moon peeped down through the drifting clouds, as if it knew the doom that was hanging over that house which nestled so quietly among the trees in the centre of the valley. But coming events cast no shadow upon the spirit of Randolph; and as the clock in the hall struck ten, he retired to his couch, and soon slept as sweetly, as if there was no one on earth, who would harm a hair on his head. And he even believed this. Ah! how hard it is for us to realize that we have enemies who smile in our faces while they secretly plot our ruin. Thus it was with this unsuspecting man—at the same moment that he had laid himself upon his bed, resting in his fellow-men; a band of those whom he had never injured, started on their way to shed his blood.

There were two persons lingering in the balcony of Randolph's house, who seemed to prefer the night air to the oblivion of sleep. These were the daughters of the house, two beautiful girls, the eldest, a golden haired, blue eyed, young lady of eighteen was looking dreamily out on the landscape, watching the patches of moonlight chasing each other over the rugged mountains; while her sister, two years younger, was engaged in breaking off leaves from the branches of a tree, standing in front of them, and watching them whirling off in the wind.

"Tell me what you are thinking about, Louise," said the younger girl, pausing in her play and gazing at the other.

"I don't think you would like to hear," said Louise.

"Oh yes, I would. What was it?"

"I will tell you, Jennie," said the other after hesitating, "though to explain myself I must tell what I promised not to. I am afraid."

"Afraid! What do you mean?" And the black eyes of her sister flashed in surprise.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Enemies."

"Why, who do you think would hurt you?"

"It is not for myself. It is for Pa."

"You frighten me," said Jennie, glancing around her involuntarily. I don't understand you. Explain yourself."

"You remember," Louise said, looking at her companion, with that dreamy expression in her eyes, as if she was looking at some one far away, "last Monday, when cousin Frank was here how dejected he looked."

"Yes," said Jennie, pushing back her hair which the wind had swept into her face, and looking at her sister with mingled curiosity and anxiety.

"You remember he was in the Southern Army during the war, and never liked Pa, because he was a Union man?"

Jennie nodded, but the other went on—

"But when he was here, last Monday, you remember how kind he was to Pa?"

"Yes."

"Jennie, I believe Frank belongs to the Ku Klux and they are going to kill Pa."

"Oh, Louise!" exclaimed Jennie, grasping her sister's arm convulsively, "Frank would not do that."

"Frank would not want to. Last Monday, when he was about starting away, we were standing in the yard there, by that rose bush, talking. He seemed more dejected than ever, and I asked him what spell had come over him. He did not answer me for several minutes, and then asked if I could keep a secret. I laughed and told him yes. He made me promise not to reveal what he was going to say to any one but Pa. He then told me that Pa's life was in danger—that he had come that day to warn him, but could not gather courage to do it. I asked him what he meant, but just then he saw a man coming up the road, and sprang on his horse and rode off, without even saying good bye."

"Have you told Pa?" asked Jennie, after a long silence.

"Yes. He only laughed at me and said he has not an enemy in the world."

"But, they are murdering men every few days."

"I told him this, and begged him to leave this part of the country, but he told me that an honest man was safe in any part of the country, while a dishonest one was safe nowhere."

"Jennie," said Louise, after another long interval of silence, "I believe they are coming here to-night."

"Why do you think so?"

"I do not think it—I feel it."

Reader, does not attending spirits sometimes whisper to you to warn you of future events? If they do not, it is because you will not listen to them. You shut your eyes and stop your ears against them, and not wishing to receive their mysterious communications you make it impossible to receive them.

Here a boy, the only son of Randolph, started up from the shadow in which he had been sitting, so abruptly that the girls recoiled in horror.

He had been listening silently to the above conversation. To describe him we need only to say, that in his face and disposition was united those of his two sisters. He possessed the affectionate sentimental nature of Louise, united with Jennie's impulsive one.

"I did not mean to frighten you so," he said, laughing so heartily, that all apologies lost effect. "I have been eaves-dropping, Louise," he said, growing serious, "and I believe just as you do. All except their coming to-night."

"And why not to-night, Charley?"

"Why, I think they would have been here before now. It is past eleven o'clock."

"They might be here in half an hour," said Louise. "They might be almost here now."

"I will get ready for them at any rate," said the boy after a pause, "I am going to load Pa's revolver and place them by his bed. My revolver and rifle are already in trim. Can you shoot, do you think, Louise?"

Louise shook her head with a smile.

"There is Ma's pistol, that silver mounted little thing," the boy continued, "I could load that for you. Poor Ma! the Ku Klux will never trouble her."

"Load it, Charley, and give it to me," said Jennie, "I will put it in my pocket."

Half an hour passed and this young soldier of thirteen announced all preparations made. After lingering on the balcony a few minutes, almost wishing for the Ku Klux to arrive he retired, and was soon asleep.

"Let us go and give up our watch to-night," said Jennie, after Charley had gone, "It is now past midnight! Ah! could she have seen that serpent like band, now but one mile away, would slumber have been in her thoughts?"

"You may go," said Louise, "I will come in a few minutes."

Louise lingered a few minutes and then went down to her father's room. The moonlight streamed in at a window and shone on her face. A firm intellectual face was his; but now as she slept, the lines in his face had faded out, revealing that quiet, affectionate nature, which had won the hearts of his neighbors. His black hair was slightly sprinkled with gray—the work of thought more than of age.

With that wild, undefined fear in her heart, Louise put her arms softly around his neck and laid her face against his. Then quietly sotto voce by his calm breathing she gradually forgot her fears and was sinking into unconsciousness, when a sound outside of the house—a low, harsh voice—roused her in an instant. She sprang to her feet and looked out—there they were; the bright moonlight revealed them distinctly. With a wild shriek which penetrated every part of the building she sprang from the window and sank powerless—almost fainting into a chair.

Randolph was on his feet in a moment. "What is it?" he asked hurriedly.

Louise pointed to the window. He ran to it and looked out; but retreated as quickly, as a shower of balls came crashing in. A glance showed him his pistols lying on a table near him; and he seized them with a determination to sell his life as dearly as possible. Moving forward in a crouching attitude, until he reached the window he rose suddenly, and taking aim at the man nearest him, fired him to the ground—a corpse. He fell down instantly, and another shower of balls passed through the window over his head. Knowing that the instant he showed his head again, he would be shot, Randolph fell slowly back to the other side of the room. Then under cover of the darkness he fired again, and another of the ghostly assailants fell dead.

The assailing party now recoiled; but Ashford rallied them—"Break down the door," he shouted, "and take him alive. Don't give him time to reload. We will make him pay dearly for this."

The men now rushed upon the door, but it resisted their efforts. Another surging effort, and it swung open. The crack of a rifle, on the stairway, rang through the hall; and the foremost of the party entering, fell lifeless, just inside the door. It was Charley who fired this shot. Roused by the firing he had seized his arms and ran to his father's assistance. In an instant Randolph brought down another, upon the body of the first. Charley now drew a revolver, and he and his father commenced firing rapidly, but with precision, into the crowded doorway. The assailing party, supposing there was several men defending the house, and knowing the immense advantage which those within possessed over them, retreated in disorder from the house; leaving five of their number dead, and carrying off two severely wounded.

When they had reached a safe distance, Ashford called his men together,

"Are you going to run, like cowards, from these few men," he asked.

The men stood silent.

"What we cannot do by force, we must accomplish by stratagem. We must burn the house."

A yell of applause greeted this idea.

"We will let them get quiet and then set fire to the house. Then we will surround it, at a convenient distance, and shoot them as they run out."

"Kill all that show their heads?" inquired one.

"Kill all the men. The women and children we will spare for the present. We may have use for them." (Another yell of applause.)

After waiting a short time, two men made their way to the rear of the house and succeeded in setting fire to it without being discovered by the defenders. They then retired to the main body, who formed a circle around the devoted house and completely waited for the flames to drive out, or consume the inmates.

Where was Frank Randolph? Standing there, amid his fellow murderers; powerless to help those whom he loved, in spite of his fiery zeal for the Rebel cause, he watched the rising flames, mounting towards the stars. Ah! what were his feelings as he watched those slowly increasing flames, and looked in vain for the rescuing party. He longed for them to come and save the innocent blood of this honest man, and spare him to his family. He cared not if the first ball from the avenging guns killed him; almost hoped it would; so much did he now loathe himself, as memory brought up scene after scene of horror, in which he had participated.

The rest of the party, also, looked on in silence; but with different feelings. They rushed back all rising feelings of humanity, as Frank Randolph had often done before, and thought—"Our country demands it." Alas, miserable, self-deceived wretches! Would it not rather advance the true interests of our beautiful "Sunny South," to cultivate peace and good will to men?

It was with a feeling, at first of horror, afterwards, of quiet resignation to a fate which he could not possibly escape, that Randolph discovered his house in flames. He called his family together, and gave them his parting blessing, commending them to that Righteous God, who sees not as men see; and then resigned himself into His hands.

Hoping that the flames would arouse some of the neighboring families, who would come to the rescue, they remained in the burning building, as long as possible. Then as this forlorn hope vanished, they prepared to fly from this sure and dreadful death within to that more uncertain fate without.

"Shall we not take our pistols, Pa; and kill as many as we can?" asked the fearless Charley.

"No, my son. It would do no good; and God forbid that I should take the life of any man, unless in self defence."

Bidding each other good-bye, as one would, when about to leap from a precipice, they passed out.

A yell of triumph, from the enemies, greeted their appearance—"Shoot the old dervin!" shouted Ashford.

A volley from the members of the Serpent, now coiled around them, and Randolph fell lifeless to the ground, pierced by a dozen balls. With a shriek of anguish Louise fell fainting, upon the bleeding corpse. Jennie and Charley stood paralyzed, beside her; neither of them speaking or moving. The hideous band now gathered around them.

"Are there any others there?" demanded Ashford, of the boy; pointing toward the house.

"No."

"Then you fired on my men, did you?"

"I did, sir."

Without a word more, Ashford drew his revolver and fired; and the boy fell—shot through the breast.

"Lie there and groan your d—d life away, you cursed little dog," sneered the brutal man, as Charley writhed in agony, he could not conceal. Then turning to Jennie, he said—

"You are a fine girl. You do not scream out, and make a great noise, over what cannot be helped."

Like one in a dream, Jennie stood and looked on the scene before her.

"You have rare mettle," said Ashford again. "You deserve a good husband. I will give you to my best friend here."

He turned to one of the party, and continued, "Here take her, and treat her well. She's a fine girl."

The man addressed, stepped eagerly forward, and seizing her by the arm, commenced dragging her off. A horrid thought rushed through her mind, and she shrunk back.

"Please let me go, for Heaven's sake. God will reward you," she pleaded beseechingly.

"Hush your gammon, and come along," growled the man; while the eyes of a demon glared at her from behind the mask. She thought suddenly of the pistol; and with a hurried prayer for success, drew it, and shot him through the head.

Then turning, with almost superhuman speed, she bounded down the road.

With a horrid oath, Ashford sprang on his horse and started in pursuit, forgetting all else; followed by the rest of his party—all except the two wounded men; and another, who had been standing with folded arms, and heaving breast, looking on this scene.

As soon as the others had disappeared in pursuit of the flying girl, this man tore off his mask, and white shroud, and hurried them from him; murmuring as he tried to call Louise to consciousness—

"If they catch Jennie, and come back, they will kill me—fool—wretch—demon, that I am."

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUING PARTY.

We left this band at Clarke's; starting in pursuit of the Ku Klux Klan—They were led by an iron featured man; between sixty and seventy years of age; though the snowy whiteness of his long hair, and flowing beard, made him appear much older. He had keen grey eyes; the glance from which shot like arrows of light; and the lines about his mouth, showed him to be a man of great firmness and strength of purpose. Looking at him a physiognomist would say—

"He is rigidly exact in his dealings, kind to his friends, terrible to his enemies, whom he never forgives, but exacts an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. He has suffered great mental torture; and it was inflicted by the hand of man—woe to that one if he ever meets this man."

He had arrived in this section only a few weeks before this time and had immediately organized a band of fearless spirits, who pledged themselves to search out, and punish the mysterious Ku Klux Klan which was murdering all prominent loyal citizens in this section; and who called themselves the "Nameless," after their unknown leader; for of his previous history—even his name—they knew nothing.

The task which this band had undertaken was an arduous one; for the order of the Ku Klux Klan was one to which little clue could be obtained. Day after day passed without discovering them; but led on, and encouraged, by their nameless leader, to whom they gave the significant title of "Old Rock," and who never despaired; they persevered. Now, when success was almost sure; the pent up fires in the old man's bosom glared from his eyes, and the whole band pressed onward with eager hearts.

"It is a quarter past one," said the nameless avenger, taking out his watch and looking at it, when they reached the foot of a long hill, the top of which was just four miles from Silver Creek Valley, and from which Randolph's house was visible.

"We will be too late, I fear, to save that good man; but I hope, and pray, (if I ever do pray,) that we may get there in time to avenge his death, and rid the country of these murderers."

A silent "Amen" went up from the hearts of the band who pressed up the hill keeping respectful silence before him.

They reached the top of the hill, and looked at the rising flames, far away.

"Too late," they murmured as they paused an instant, gazing at the scene—

Then with the fierceness of a tiger, bounding on his prey, the Nameless swept down the hill to avenge the deed.

They were nearing the valley; and were riding through a thick forest, which, a short distance ahead, gave place to a little open plain, when they saw a white robed figure coming swiftly to meet them.

Half a dozen rifles were instantly leveled at it.

"Stop," said the leader, "that is no Ku Klux."

He dismounted, and in a moment the figure reached him. He seized it as it passed. It was a woman; she struggled breathlessly to get free. He drew her to a spot where the moonlight poured through the trees. It was Jennie Randolph.

"Don't be alarmed," he said in his stern way—"We have come to save you."

"Why didn't you come sooner? My father," she gasped, "and Brother."

"Have they murdered them? We will avenge their death. Stay here until we come for you."

"They were following me," she said, "Hurry!"

The band galloped forward, in an instant, Jennie sat at the foot of a tree, panting for breath—she had not felt tired until now. But she was safe now—there was a wall of living fire between her and her pursuers. Then she thought of her Pa, of Charley and of Louise; and wept. Sweet, reviving tears they were—they soothed her aching heart and throbbing brain.

The Nameless band formed on the edge of the wood; as the ghostly murderers came across the narrow plain, which had once been a cultivated field.

"Shoot their horses, men," said the old man, as they approached. A volley, and the ghosts were dismounted; and standing in astonishment looking about them.

"I do not see the signal from the one who betrayed them. We must respect that. He has probably escaped, as there are only sixteen there now. Throw down your arms and surrender," he shouted aloud to them.

Ashford leaped as if he had been shot, when he heard the voice, "I will shoot the first man who dares do it," he yelled.

The old man grew strangely agitated, in turn, when he heard Ashford's voice. But he controlled himself with a mighty effort, and again called out—"I give you ten seconds to decide."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Wife's Love.

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spread its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other alarm. In no situation does the love of a woman appear more beautiful than that of a wife. Parents, brethren and friends have claims upon the affections—but the love of a wife is a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent; a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and ever remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is a heroic devotion which a woman displays in adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband—When we behold her in domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyments, an intellectual joy, brightening the family with her endearments, and love for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold her existence by a thread is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the murmurer to peace and resignation.

"Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry goods store in Springfield, Ill., and looked at a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell.

"No, sir, we don't wish to buy any," replied the merchant.

"Want any eggs?"

"No, sir, we keep a dry goods store here."

"So! well then, may be you'd like to buy some fat chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty sight nicer, tex."

"No, sir, I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry goods."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice shoulder of pork?"

"I tell you, sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively."

"Well, what do you give for dried apples?"

An Indian requested an agent in Northern Iowa to furnish him with whiskey for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake intimating that four quarts would be necessary. "Four quarts!" repeated the agent with surprise, "as much as that?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

This is the latest style of obituary: "My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and if he had, it would have made no difference, for gone entered his stomach and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband. I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand."

"Our Devil" wants to know, "if he should kiss his sweetheart, with a request for 'to please exchange' if he could be accused of having exceeded the proper 'liberties of the press.'"

"Some one has beautifully said it is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field of corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty? A big hole.

Keep dark, as the old bachelor said to his dyed hair.

MASONIC.

Profanity.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Would it not seem to a disinterested spectator that this prohibition applies only to the Jews, and has no intention of restraining the expressions of late-day christians or other human beings? It is foolish, useless and ungentlemanly for any one to violate this command; but how much the more it is for a Mason, particularly one who has advanced far in the order.

How can any one who has been admitted to the "middle chamber" (I never saw a candidate in the "middle chamber" without wanting then and there to deliver a lecture on profanity) lightly and triflingly speak of that Supreme Being, at the mention of whose name every Mason from the youngest entered apprentice in the northeast corner of the lodge to the Master seated in the east, should meekly bow.

How can any one who has studied the history of God's chosen people, and seen their sentences justified by trial, imprisonment and suffering for their city and country, ever mention that Great and Holy name except with reverence.

And still more, how can any one who has assumed the vows and obligations of a Knighthood, and marched under the cross, triflingly or unfeelingly speak of the Blessed Immanuel, or use, frivolously, any of His names or attributes?

Does it seem possible that any one who has seen all these and knows and feels them, could ever be profane. Is it possible that any right minded and intelligent Mason does this, knowing or thinking what he does, and is the crime and violation any the less when done careless or negligently?

Did you ever see a profane Mason wearing a "G," without wishing to remind him of its significance, and requesting him to cease his profanity or take off his pin?

A profane Mason is a reproach to the order in which he claims membership, and brings discredit thereon as much as a profane Christian, and one is as impossible in a true sense as the other.

Are not our Masters and Wardens de-reluct in their duty in not rebuking and condemning this practice, at any rate in not refraining therefrom themselves?

Cannot an earnest effort be made to remove this stain from our institution, and is not now, while so many religious fanatics are ignorantly throwing their small pellets at our order, to which they are so much indebted for what progress, an eminently fitting time to commence this reform.—Evergreen.

Masonry in the Choice of a Profession.

As there are special uses for all the different materials that compose the wall which the operative masons build, so there is a special use and propriety in every variety that helps to make up the aggregate character of human life; and so there is a special purpose for which every man is designed. The hard and enduring granite would not answer the purposes for which a softer component would be very appropriate. Large stones would not fill the spaces which the smaller ones admirably fit. And even the spalls rest compactly in the crevices, and the cement permeates the whole mass, and unites the whole body of constituents in one firm and solid compact.

In like manner, there is an appropriate place for every man in the great structure of society. Each may not be in his place, but there is a place for him, and he will fit and succeed in it better than in any other. In the building of Solomon's Temple, the blocks of stone were prepared afar off; they were quarried, hewn, measured, and exactly fitted for the places they were to occupy, and numbered, so that there could be no mistake as to their locality. In this manner, there was a place for every stone, and every stone was in its place.

Now, just so it is in society. There is a place for every man, and every man should be in his place. If he is, he is successful, and consequently useful and happy. But if he is out of his proper place—if he has mistaken his calling, and is devoting his energies in a wrong direction he will not be successful, nor useful nor happy. One man is adapted for the bar, or the pulpit, and not for the plough, or the anvil. Another is suited to the plough, or the loom, or the machine-shop, who would utterly fail at the bar or the forum. In fact, it is the lesson of every day's experience, that every one has a peculiar sphere of usefulness, in which only he can succeed.

More than any other science, does Masonry teach the necessity for a proper discrimination in the choice of a profession. It points its votaries emphatically to the propriety and necessity of a special attention to this duty. Thus it is, that while operative masonry produces the strongest and most enduring monuments of its own greatness and pre-eminence, it also teaches the chief among the trades; Speculative, or Symbolic Masonry is busy among the masses, distributing each individual to his proper sphere in the great structure of society. Though not actually belonging to the Order, still those whose minds are thus directed are working in its spirit, and reaping some of its benefits. In this way, among others, Masonry does good to all men, "especially to those of the household of faith."—Ripple Star.

To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.

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CARPENTER, Clerk.

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in exchange for the STAR,

